

Shaker Aamer

*No water for three days.
I cannot sleep, or stay awake.*

*Four months hunger strike.
Am I dead, or am I alive?*

*With metal tubes we are force fed.
I honestly wish I was dead.*

*Strapped in the restraining chair.
Shaker Aamer, your friend.*

*In Camp 5, eleven years.
Never charged. Six years cleared.*

*They took away my one note pad,
and then refused to give it back.*

*I can't think straight, I write, then stop.
Your friend Shaker Aamer. Lost.*

*The guards just do what they're told,
the doctors just do what they're told.*

*Like an old car I'm rusting away.
Your friend, Shaker. Guantanamo Bay.*

Don't forget.